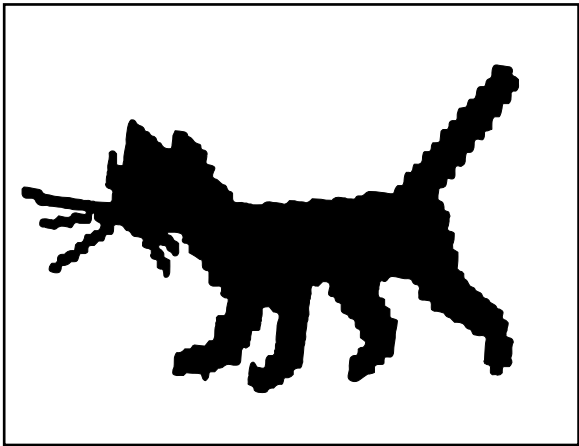


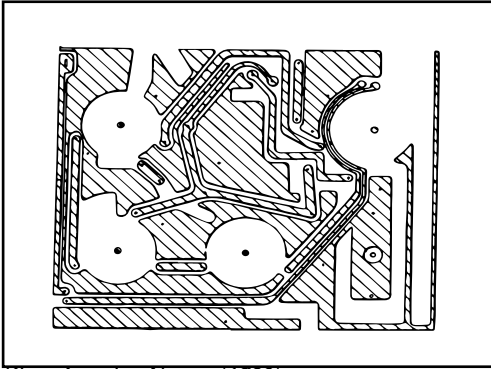
48"x40" Shipping pallet



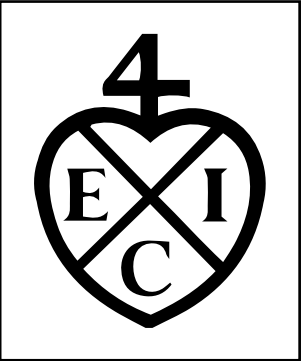
First edition of Kritik der reinen Vernunft



Courbet, L'Origine du monde (1866)



Klee, Angelus Novus (1920)



Postcard



Vincent van Gogh, Shoes (1886)



Large format film

毛主席语录

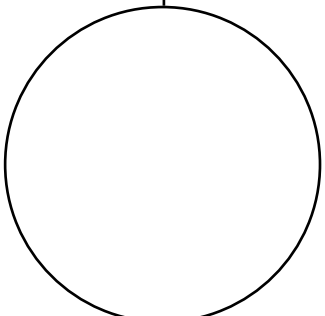
US dollar bill

At the threshold,
espying his shifting form,
shrivelled, recumbent, unmoving,
until a first stride delivers closeness, a second a smile, then a lurch
to discern the dim glimmer of recognition caught beneath paling eyes,
opening, closing,
in a blink that dashes anticipations, that defies acknowledgement,
a familiarity dissolving,
to question who and what I am.

Quotations from Chariman Mao Tse-tung

Rembrandt, Self Portrait at the Age of 63 (1669)

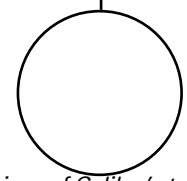
View from the window at Le Gras



Genoese scudo



US government legal paper



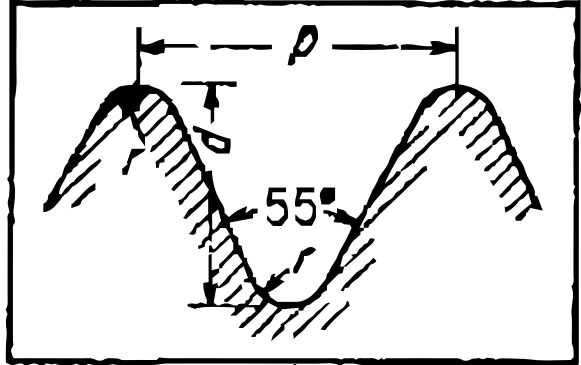
Eye-piece of Galileo's telescope

Perhaps a new direction, a pivot to an unpredicted end whose
guiding tracks project to indistinction, their stygian contours eluding
discernment in a course that promises neither pain nor pleasure
nor advance nor regress but which glistens expectantly regardless,
awaiting the blind investment of voyagers departing, anticipating a
journey, or perhaps not,

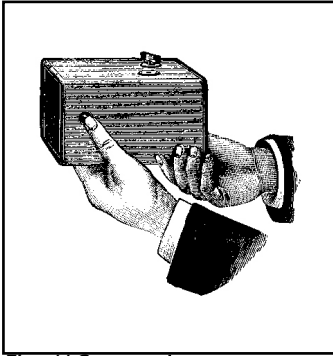
perhaps only a resumption, in a return to where things once lay,
their outlines strewn still and suspended, unchanged, unworn,
enveloped by the flow of elapsing years whose current laps softly at
the lip of familiarity, leaving remnants neither shifted nor aged but
cocooned upon islands of habit, each welcoming a visitors' return,
to land as if nought had happened, as if home and ready to begin
again, or perhaps not,

perhaps merely another stride forward, an unconscious, unplanned
footstep advancing along grooves worn deep, trudging through
established furrows to progress the programme further, to sustain
motion and reach a trajectory known, expected, yet more vivid
with proximity, its pocketed climax fresher upon nearness, spilling
outwards to overwhelm, to engulf, or perhaps not,

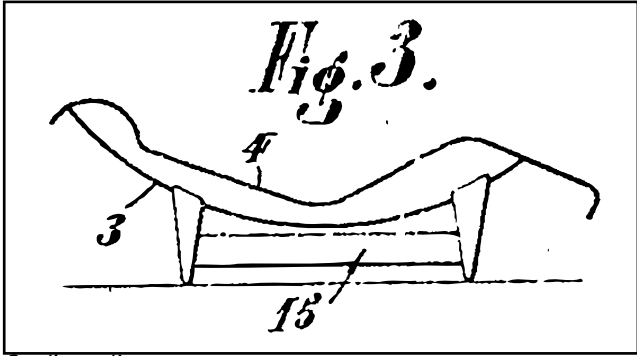
perhaps only an ending, in an even cessation beyond which
lurks nothing, neither the silent auditorium post-performance nor
the blank screen denied power, nor the lingering index of past
experience, whose false negativity flourishes unchallenged, nor life's
apophatic other, greeted by pause, by absence, instead only the
unevokable, unimaginable close that closes, a death, or perhaps not.



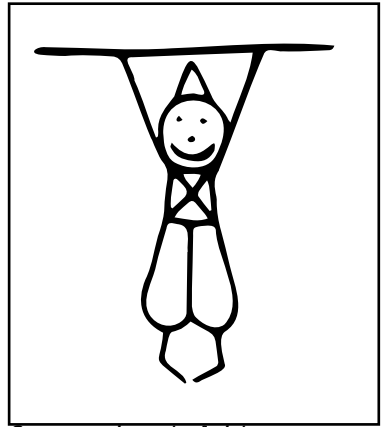
Credit card



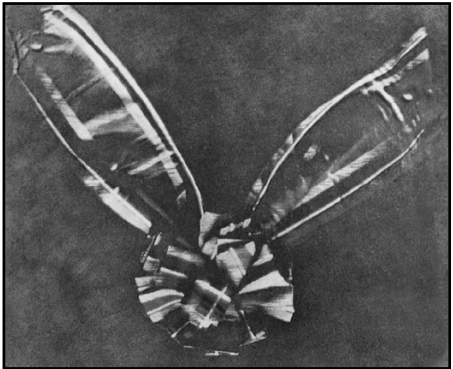
First U.S. stamp



Credit card



Common time clock ticket



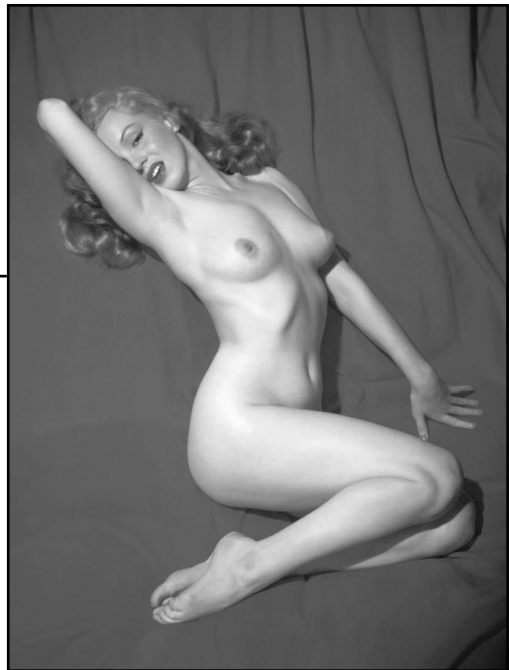
80mm medium format film

Digits clasp wordlessly warm,
her breath, a simoom, rolls over barren chords,
the mysterious impact of touch slumping neighbour to montage,
calling ideas, affects, words, words,
a fireside conversation,
an acid smirched road map,
a ruptured bin bag,
and maybe homeland.



Playboy centrefold

Through wrinkled brow a parent hides,
bouncing beneath the rubble,
a spectre ambling in fallow flesh,
my palm greeting his knuckles, cries building, a pulse hastening, all
atop waves of loss,
to dip an ungloved hand into the reliquary of oblivion and return
empty,
catching convulsive goodbyes.

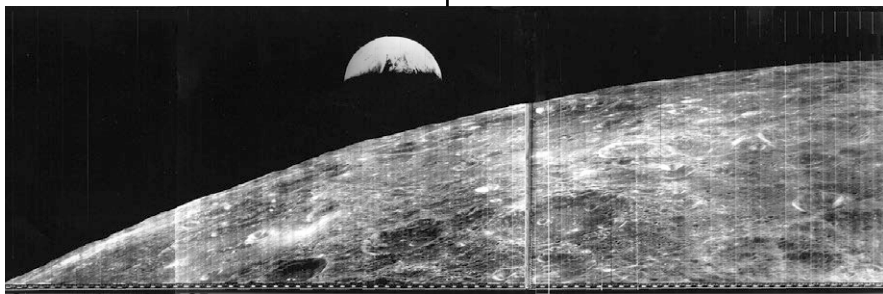


Join Your Country's Army

Rembrandt, Self Portrait at the Age of 63 (1669)

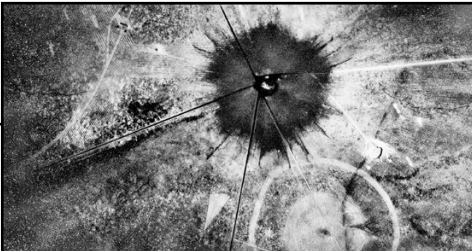


Large format film

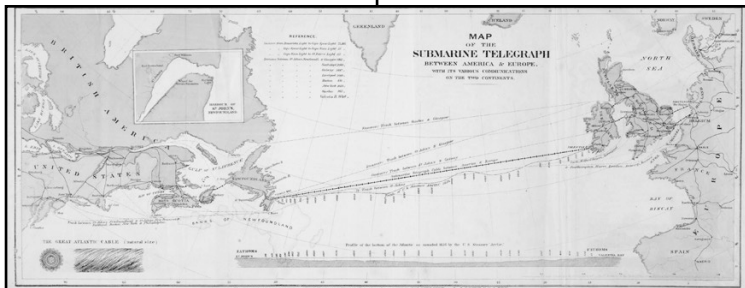


Commodore 64 PCB

Rembrandt, Self Portrait at the Age of 63 (1669)



European car number plate



Advertisement printed by William Caxton



13" Macbook pro screen